**Passage Analysis Translation**

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| **Shakespeare** | **No Fear** |
| **HORATIO**  A mote it is to trouble the mind’s eye.  In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead  Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets  As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  Disasters in the sun, and the moist star  Upon whose influence Neptune’s empire stands  Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.  And even the like precurse of feared events,  As harbingers preceding still the fates  And prologue to the omen coming on,  Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  Unto our climatures and countrymen. | **HORATIO**  The ghost is definitely something to worry about. In the high and mighty Roman Empire, just before the emperor Julius Caesar was assassinated, corpses rose out of their graves and ran through the streets of Rome speaking gibberish. There were shooting stars, and blood mixed in with the morning dew, and threatening signs on the face of the sun. The moon, which controls the tides of the sea, was so eclipsed it almost went completely out. And we’ve had similar omens of terrible things to come, as if heaven and earth have joined together to warn us what’s going to happen. |
| **HAMLET**  O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?  And shall I couple hell? Oh, fie! Hold, hold, my heart,  And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!  Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat  In this distracted globe. Remember thee!  Yea, from the table of my memory  I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records,  All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past  That youth and observation copied there,  And thy commandment all alone shall live  Within the book and volume of my brain,  Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!  O most pernicious woman!  O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!  My tables!—Meet it is I set it down  That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.  At least I’m sure it may be so in Denmark. *(writes)*  So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word.  It is “Adieu, adieu. Remember me.”  I have sworn ’t. | **HAMLET**  Ah, all you up in heaven! And earth! What else? Shall I include hell as well? Damn it! Keep beating, my heart, and muscles, don’t grow old yet—keep me standing. Remember you! Yes, you poor ghost, as long as I have any power of memory in this distracted head. Remember you! Yes, I’ll wipe my mind clean of all trivial facts and memories and preserve only your commandment there. Yes, by God! Oh, you evil woman! Oh, you villain, villain, you damned, smiling villain! Where’s my notebook?—It’s a good idea for me to write down that one can smile and smile, and be a villain. At least it’s possible in Denmark. *(he writes)* So, uncle, there you are. Now it’s time to deal with the vow I made to my father.  He said, “Remember me.” I swore I would. |
| **CLAUDIUS**  Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.  Moreover that we much did long to see you,  The need we have to use you did provoke  Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  Of Hamlet’s “transformation”—so call it  Since nor th' exterior nor the inward man  Resembles that it was. What it should be,  More than his father’s death, that thus hath put him  So much from th' understanding of himself,  I cannot dream of. I entreat you both  That, being of so young days brought up with him  And since so neighbored to his youth and 'havior,  That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  Some little time so by your companies  To draw him on to pleasures and to gather,  So much as from occasion you may glean,  Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus  That, opened, lies within our remedy. | **CLAUDIUS**  Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. I’ve wanted to see you for a long time now, but I sent for you so hastily because I need your help right away. You’ve probably heard about the “change” that’s come over Hamlet—that’s the only word for it, since inside and out he’s different from what he was before. I can’t imagine what’s made him so unlike himself, other than his father’s death. Since you both grew up with him and are so familiar with his personality and behavior, I’m asking you to stay a while at court and spend some time with him. See if you can get Hamlet to have some fun, and find out if there’s anything in particular that’s bothering him, so we can set about trying to fix it. |
| **POLONIUS**  I would fain prove so. But what might you think,  When I had seen this hot love on the wing—  As I perceived it, I must tell you that,  Before my daughter told me—what might you,  Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  If I had played the desk or table-book,  Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,  Or looked upon this love with idle sight?  What might you think? No, I went round to work,  And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:  “Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star.  This must not be.” And then I prescripts gave her,  That she should lock herself from his resort,  Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;  And he, repelled—a short tale to make—  Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,  Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,  Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,  Into the madness wherein now he raves  And all we mourn for. | **POLONIUS**  I would like to prove to you that I am. But what would you have thought of me if I had kept quiet when I found out about this hot little love (which I noticed even before my daughter told me about it)? My dear queen, what would you have thought of me if I had turned a blind eye to what was happening between Hamlet and my daughter? No, I had to do something. And so I said to my daughter: “Lord Hamlet is a prince, he’s out of your league. You have to end this.” And then I gave her orders to stay away from him, and not to accept any messages or little gifts from him. She did what I said. When she rejected Hamlet, he became sad, and stopped eating, stopped sleeping, got weak, got dizzy, and as a result lost his mind. And that’s why he’s crazy now, and all of us feel sorry for him. |